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Hold Them Accountable

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Hold Them Accountable

The first time I saw it, I was walking up to the fifth floor. I decided to take the stairs instead of the elevator. There in a corner just near the stairs of the fourth floor sat a printer. I thought that it was an odd place for the librarians to put a printer. I hurried past it to the door on the fifth floor. I found a computer available and sat down to type my essay. I’m not the best essay writer, but on occasion I find a way to cheat. After I finished typing, I hit print. I walked down the stairs to the printer and slid my card in. The cold machine spoke my name, “Darren!” The angry voice startled me. “Darren, how dare you, Darren!” “How dare I what?” I asked. “Play-ger-iz-zum” Steam sizzled out of it. “I didn’t plagiarize anything. How are you talking?” The machine rumbled and growled. “Die, Darren!” ‘No, wait, what?” My whole body was shaking. “Die, Darren!” “You’re crazy!” I yelled. I turned to walk down the stairs and tripped over my own feet. I went face first down the stairs. On the way down, I broke my neck. Blood trickled out of my mouth and onto the cold concrete steps. “You bastard,” I thought. “Darren, you play-ger-ized!” Suddenly, another student appeared in the stairwell. He had come from the third floor of the library. He saw me lying helpless on the floor, a pool of blood next to my face. “Ah, man, are you okay?” I couldn’t move. The student called for help. Paramedics ran up the stairs and carried me in a back brace to the ambulance. As they were sliding the stretcher into the ambulance, I saw the student through the window. The student slid his card into the printer. “Matt!” I could barely hear it, but fear swelled up in my throat. I could hear the roar of the printer, its rough, coarse voice repeating, “Play-ger-iz-um!” Tears rolled down my cheeks, unable to speak I watched Matt fall down the stairs. I heard a crack of his bones as he hit the steps. The paramedic closed the door. He hooked me up to an IV line. I looked up at the heart monitor. The word PLAGIARISM appeared on the screen. My heart gave out, within a few seconds I was having a heart attack. He
bent over me to administer CPR. I woke up in the hospital with a broken neck. My mother was standing next to me sobbing hysterically. “You know they found another boy there, but he died”. She wiped tears from her cheeks with a napkin. “Did someone push you?” I answered, “No, mom it was plagiarism. Plagiarism kills people”. I thought how crazy it would all sound if I told her the truth. That night, I heard footsteps walking across the linoleum floor towards my hospital bed. Someone pulled the curtain open, “Darren, I’m from the HOLD THEM ACCOUNTABLE printer company”.